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LIVING FLOWERS.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

If you could kiss the rose's velvet mouth,
To charm the cruel canker worm away,
And cry, "Awake, O North wind, come, thou South!
Breathe on my flowers to-day;"

Would you not love to save them from the blight,
And flush them into beauty fresh and new?
To bring them gifts of fuller life and light,
Sunshine and limpid dew?

This you can do for fairer flowers than these,
Flowers that have thoughts and feelings like your own!
Whose stems are broken by the stormy breeze,
Whose freshest tints are flown.

Out in the darkness of the miry street
Those bruised lilies in their weakness lie,
Down-trodden by the tramp of reckless feet—
Left there alone to die.

Go, raise them gently, wash away the stain
On their white petals with your tender grief;
Your tears shall fall like showers of precious rain
Cleansing each sullied leaf.

Oh, give those human blossoms human love!
Uplift the fallen seventy times and seven;
Save those sweet living things to bloom above
In the fair land of heaven.

—Night and Day.

MILITARY MORALS.

The greatest need of our cause is not rhetoric. Facts are eloquent far beyond sounding periods. Then let the following quotation from a letter in the *London Daily Telegraph* speak for itself, condensed by *Concord*.

The writer points out that in three of the great military European realms—Germany, Austria and Russia—civilians, compared to those who "wear" the Emperor's coat, are at a decided disadvantage, legally as well as socially. It is difficult for a German to enter into good society unless he has the right to wear a uniform. A second lieutenant of the regulars occupies a higher standing than the most learned professor, eloquent advocate or skilful physician. In Prussia the army and navy officer must not sit in the opera-stalls. The stalls are for such inferior beings as civilians. The soldier is the social superior of the civilian by virtue of his silver sword-knot. He is a military Brahmin, and behaves as such. It is incumbent upon him, when in uniform, if struck by a civilian before witnesses, to "draw" at once, and cut his assailant down. Should he fail to do so, he is liable to be tried by court-martial, and dismissed the army.

In Jarnow, a garrison town not far from Lemberg, one of the chief cities of Austrian Poland, a ball was given by the members of the local Schützen-Verein, or Marksmen's Club. A quarrel arose between a captain of the Jaeger Corps and a doctor of medicine. Presently the former struck the latter a severe blow, which was forthwith returned; whereupon two other Jaeger officers drew their swords and cut the doctor down. The wounded man was removed to a neighboring hospital, and the ball came to an abrupt conclusion. Now, although the proceedings of these officers were as irregular as they were barbarous, yet, so far as we are aware, no official inquiry has been

instituted into the circumstances of the case by the military authorities. In the first place, the original provocation, in the form of a blow, was given by the officer. In the next place, that blow being returned, no one but he had any right to avenge it, even under Austrian law, by a sword cut. The fracas takes place in a ball-room, in the presence, too, of ladies; yet this kind of brutality seems to be sanctioned by militarism. The article, which is most interesting reading, concludes by pointing out that compulsory military service is a producer of utter insensibility to all human suffering, and quotes, in proof of this, the recent confidential circular addressed to the colonels of regiments by Prince George of Saxony. In this important document His Royal Highness adverts to several "abominable cases of stupid cruelty practised by non-commissioned officers upon their men. Acts," he adds, "not prompted by outbreaks of anger, more or less excusable, but committed with cold and deliberate callousness. One sergeant commanded a recruit to raise and lower a can full of boiling coffee five hundred times, with the result that the unhappy lad's muscles 'gave out,' and he was badly scalded by the reeking liquid. A lance-corporal compelled one of his squad to present arms to him nearly nineteen hundred times in succession, until the man fainted from sheer exhaustion. Another sergeant made the men of his 'section' turn out in the middle of a January night, and go through certain exercises 'on the double' for half-an-hour at a stretch, clothed in their night-shirts and helmets only. The same ruffian one evening, while at supper, forced some recruits to bend the knee before him one thousand eight hundred times, until, to quote Prince George's words, 'the floor of the barrack-room was black with their perspiration.' Another Saxon sergeant was convicted of having 'knocked the heads of his recruits against walls, smeared his muddy boots over their faces, and struck them violently on their kneecaps, until they yelled with pain.'"

On the above *Concord* comments as follows:

This is militarism. This is the brutal, barbarous, cruel and tyrannical policy and practice that military men connive at, condone, approve of and justify. These are the principles and practices that even statesmen and princes, and the so-called ministers of the Prince of Peace, condone and excuse. Let then the note struck by that great and good woman, Baroness Von Suttner, "Die Waffen Nieder" resound through the length and breadth of Europe, until every brave man's heart and holy woman's voice determine to put a stop to that which has disgraced the world in the past, is disgracing it in the present, and must bring it to ruin and bankruptcy at no short distance, if not stopped. As dear old Wordsworth puts it—

"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

And again—

"To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye."

These German soldiers have acted unnaturally, and even against themselves.

A French lady has left a large amount of money to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, to be awarded by that body to the astronomer who succeeds in opening communication with the inhabitants of any one of the other planets, except Mars.